

## CANNON 12.



'Ow often have mine eyes (thine eye's  
 apprentice Bound by the Earnest of a sunny  
 look), Ta'en a judicial view of all thy  
 graces ! Which here are registered in  
 lasting book, How oft have I, thy precious  
 chain been fingering, That ninefold circles  
 thy delicious neck ! While they, the orb-like  
 spheres of heaven resembling, Thy face the  
 Globe ! which men clep Empenck.

How oft with wanton touches have I prest  
 Those breasts, more soft than silver down of  
 swans; When they by Alcidelian springs do  
 rest ! Of which pure substance are thy lily  
 hands.

But now, though eyes ne see, nor arms  
 embrace thee; Who yet shall let, in  
 thought, me chief to place thee ?

## CANZON 13.



[jRouD in thy love, how many have I cited.  
 Impartial, thee to view ! whose eyes have  
 lavished Sweet beauteous objects oft have  
 men delighted, But thou, above delight, their  
 sense hast ravished ! They, amorous artists,  
 Thee pronounced Love's Queen ! And unto thy  
 supremacy did swear, "VENUS, at Paphos keep  
 ! no more be seen ! " Now CUPID, after Thee,  
 his shafts shall bear!

How have I spent my spirit of Invention In  
 penning amorous stanzas to thy beauty ? But  
 heavenly graces may not brook dimension; No  
 more may thine ! for infinite they be. But now,  
 in harsh tune, I, of amours sing, My pipe for  
 them, grows hoarse ! but shrill, to plaining !